


# JOHNNY IS GONE

FOR A

# SOLDIER.

---



I'll trace these gardens o'er and o'er,  
Meditate on each sweet flower,  
Thinking of each happy hour,  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.

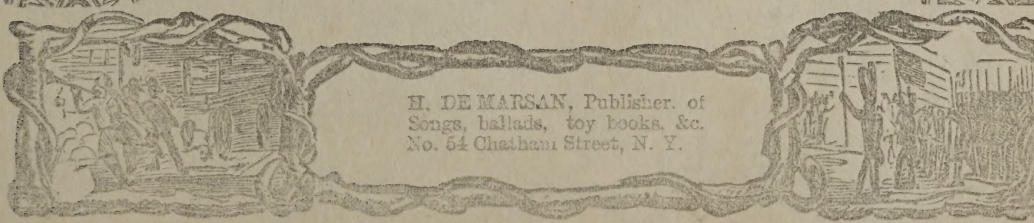
Chorus : Shool, Shool, Shool, agraah !  
Time can only ease my woe,  
Since the lad of my heart from me did  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier. (go,

Some say my love is gone to France,  
There his fortune to advance,  
And if I find him it's but a chance,  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.  
Shool, Shool, &c.

I'll sell my frock, I'll sell my wheel,  
I'll by my love a sword of steel,  
So in the battle he may reel,  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.  
Shool, Shool, &c.

I wish I was on yonder hill;  
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,  
So every tear may turn a mill,  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier.  
Shool, Shool, &c.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,  
All over the world I'll beg my bread,  
So my parents may think me dead,  
Oh, Johnny is gone for a soldier  
Shool, Shool, &c



H. DE MARSAN, Publisher. of  
Songs, ballads, toy books, &c.  
No. 54 Chatham Street, N. Y.



